

The Trappan'd MAIDEN:

O R,

The Distressed Damsel.

This Girl was cunningly trappan'd,
Sent to *Virginny* from *England*;
Where she doth Hardship undergo,

There is no Cure, it must be so:
But if she lives to cross the Main,
She vows she'll ne'r go there again.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



Give ear unto a Maid,
That lately was betray'd,
And sent into *Virginny* O:

In brief I shall declare,
What I have suffer'd there,

When that I was weary,
weary, weary, weary, O.

When that first I came
To this Land of Fame,
Which is called *Virginny*, O:
The Axe and the Hoe
Have brought my Overthrow,
When that, &c.

Five Years served I,
Under Master *Guy*,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Which made me for to know,
Sorrow, Grief and Wee;
When that, &c.

When my Dame says, Go,
Then I must do so,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
When she sits at meat,
Then I have none to eat,
When that, &c.

The cloaths that I brought in
They are worn very thin,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Which makes me for to say,
Alas, and Well-a-day,
When that, &c.

Instead of Beds of ease,
To lye down when I please,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Upon a Bed of Straw,
I lay down full of Woe,
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Then the Spider she
Daily waits on me,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Round about my Bed,
She spins her tender web,
When that I am weary,
weary, weary, weary, O.

So soon as it is day,
To work I must away,
the Land of *Virginny*, O;
Then my Dame she knocks
With her Tinder-box,
When that, &c.

I have play'd my part,
Both at Plow and Cart,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Billets from the Wood,
Upon my back they load,
When that, &c.

Instead of drinking Beer,
I drink the water clear,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Which makes me pale and wan,
Do all that e'r I can,
When that, &c.

If my Dame says, Go,
I dare not say no,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
The Water from the Spring,
Upon my head I bring,
When that, &c.

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When the Mill doth stand,
I'm ready at command,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
The Morter for to make,
Which made my heart to ake,
When that, &c.

When the Child doth cry,
I must sing, *By a by*;
In the Land of *Virginny*, O;
No rest that I can have,
Whilst I am here a Slave,
When that, &c.

A thousand Woes beside,
That I do here abide,
In the Land of *Virginny* O:
In misery I spend
My time that hath no end,
When that, &c.

Then let Maids beware,
All my by ill-fare,
In the Land of *Virginny*, O:
Be sure you stay at home,
For if you do here come,
You all will be weary, &c.

But if be my chance,
Homewards to advance,
From the Land of *Virginny*, O:
If that I once more
Land on *English* Shore;
I'll no more be weary,
weary, weary, weary, O: